

Soon shall my silvan coronals be cast;
 My hidden sanctuaries, my secret ways,
 Naked must stand to the rebellious blast;
 No Spring shall quicken what this Autumn
 slays.
 Forest, haute maison des oiscaux bocagers,
 Plus le Cerf solitaire et les Chevreuls legers
 Ne paistront sous ton ombre, et ta verte
 criniere
 Plus du Soleil d'Este ne rompra la lumiere.

So too with the rivers of his home. No poet
 ever rendered more liquidly the beauty of running
 water. Even
 Horace's Bandusia must yield to Ronsard's
 Bellerie:

sans cesse vagabonde
 Caquetant sur ton gravois
 D'une floflotante vois;

or his other Fountain of Hylas, where
 Un ombre lent par petite secousse
 Erroit dessus, si que le vent pousse,
 Pousse et repousse et pousse sur les eaux
 L'entrclassure ombreusc des rameaux.

Frozen, its beauty in his hands grows only
 more sparkling,
 as it becomes

I/oyseux crystal de la mornc gele*e.

Still more lively is his pleasure in living
 things—the
 crane with its jerky* flight towards warmer
 lands; the
 lark mounting 'in little leaps' only to drop
 earthward
 again, like the spindleful of wool that a lass
 lets drop from
 her distaff as she nods at evening by the fire;
 the diminu-
 tive frog croaking so loud as to startle
 the thirsty
 bullock away from its pool; the snail who
 carries on his
 back 'his bed and his palace'; the 'genti'
 hawthorn, with
 two camps of red ants in garrison beneath
 its bole. And
 the ants themselves, Heavens, how good they
 are to see!

Mon Dieu! quaad un ost de Fourmis
 Aux champs de bon matin s'est mis,
 Qu'il fait bon voir par la campagne
 Marcher cestc troupe compagne
 Au labcur ententivement!